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But when the Indian seized an oar,
To stay his course, or seek the shore,
Admonished by an ominous roar,
He dropped it in affright:

For in those cavernous jaws he sees
Molars, incisors, cuspidés—
Enough a hero's heart to freeze
Or dentist to delight.

More dreadful still, the angry Fall,
Like some huge monster seemed to call,
Impatient for its prey;
And shows its breakers' flashing teeth,
To welcome him to depths beneath;—
And breathes its breath of spray.

Visions of fire and frying pan
Encompassed that bewildered man
(Tho' *watery* fears oppressed)
And Shakspeare's thought his bosom fills
"Better to *bear* our present ills
Than fly"—you know the rest.

Whether the Brave proved dainty fare,
And then the Fall devoured the bear,
Though unto them the "loss was sair"
To us is less ado:
But still, arrayed in fancy's gleam,
Have floated down Tradition's stream
The twain in that canoe—
And furnished to the faces pale,
The matter to "adorn a tale,"
And "point a moral," too.

We float upon life's lapsing tide
While toward some gulf the waters glide
With unremitting might;
And some black bear holds us in awe,
Like the "black Care" which Horace saw*
Behind the Roman knight.

We fain would seize an oar to reach
Some sylvan shore, some silvery beach;
But still the moment miss—
For Pride, or Ease, or Care, or Fear,
Sits with o'erwhelming presence near;
The saving hand we dare not lift,
And gently thus we drift, drift, drift,
Into the dread abyss.

Our land, which boasts that it prepares
Its morel and material wares,
Should make its legends, too:
And mixing one of native clay,
Let's drop "*a lion's in the way*,"
And in its stead hereafter say—
"*A bear's in the canoe*."

"FLORIO."

* "And black Care sits behind the horseman."

Atra cura post equitem sedet.—*Horace*.

I quote from memory.

DOÑA AGNES.

A ROMANCE WITHOUT FICTION.

BY MRS. E. VALE SMITH.

CHAPTER XI.

THREE NAILS OR FOUR?

"I shall not want base witness to condemn me
For false accuse doth level at my life."

DELIGHTED that Francisco has thus committed himself, Gonzalo bethought him of a surer resource than a civil prosecution for the intrusion upon St. Ann's. The terrible instrument of vengeance which he resolved to bring to bear upon the man who had so thwarted him, was the Holy Office. True, Vieira was no heretic: he was as good a Catholic as nine-tenths of all the liberally educated men in the kingdom. But there were always means by which an artist might be betrayed into the toils of the Inquisition—for that Satanic mental machinery was one of the instruments by which the church which has been the most venerated for its patronage of the arts, curbed, controlled and stifled every spark of genius which did not shine in exact accordance with its dictates.

It is not to be denied that the wealthy and luxurious hierarchy, under whose ascendancy St. Peter's and Strasbourg and Notre Dame were erected, has done much to foster particular branches of the arts; neither can it be denied that it kept for centuries a most unwholesome surveillance over that which it professed to cherish; narrowing and sensualizing it, and compelling all artists to walk within prescribed limits, however strongly "their angel of the ideal" pleaded with them for expansion, originality and liberty. This was particularly the case in Spain and Portugal, where the Inquisition obtained its firmest footing, and where, soon after its introduction, a commission was established "to see that heresy was not taught by pictures!" Not content with exercising a constant watch over every emanation of thought through the written page, or of genius through the inventive faculty: not content with blocking up the way of discoverers in the physical sciences and bounding within limits of iron and fire the speculative theories of mental philosophers, this obtrusive power presumptuously entered the domain of Art. And when the inspiration of genius had given beauty, life, almost divinity, to the canvas; when the deepest and holiest heart-thoughts of some earnest worker had found a proximate expression through his pencil, then might come the church's officers, with bigot hand and fanatic

zeal, and sweep the brush across the embodiment of great and glorious ideas of heaven-born origin, which, unmarred, could not have been mis-doubted, even in an undiluted atmosphere of ignorance and superstition.

All that was necessary to bring any individual under the especial surveillance of the familiars was a hint of heresy in any form of which thought is capable of expression—even if only a grimace or shrug of the shoulders; but where anything tangible existed, like books, writings or pictures, the property was summarily seized, and the victim as promptly arrested. Gonzalo's first step, therefore, was to try and detect, through a disguised familiar, among the paintings of Vieira the expression of some theological error; but after the most sedulous inquiry and inspection, after ransacking churches and invading private hospitality, nothing was discovered infringing the canonical rules of the pencil. His symbolry was accurate, his disposition of the three divine persons were always in orthodox order; saints, celibates and martyrs held their due positions; his angels were beardless and his Virgins footless, nor after a three days' search through the city and environs of Lisbon, had the hireling spy been able to find any criminal divergence from those numerous curbs upon originality which the church he served had devised for pruning the versatility of genius.

But when heresy cannot be discovered, it has sometimes been found possible, to create it. In this belief, Gonzalo determined to make sure of Francisco's arrest, and for this purpose sent the following letter of denunciation to the Holy Office:

Inquisitors of the Faith:

For the repose of my conscience and to preserve the purity of religion, I have the honor to inform you that one Francisco Vieira, a painter now employed at the palace of Mafra, has upon sundry occasions exhibited with gestures of derision a picture of his own painting, representing the Crucifixion, in which painting you will also find serious infringements of your sacred orders respecting drawing and coloring. And, furthermore, your informant believes that the said Vieira hath in his possession a strange and demoniacal drawing, the meaning of which I know not, but which your informant believes is of immoral and blasphemous purport, and also that he consorts with divers persons by whom the above described painting is revered and worshipped.

Believe, most sage Inquisitors, that it is not through hatred or a desire of revenge that I inform against this man before the Holy Tribunal of the Faith; but for the sake of procuring that correction with which you will judge proper to suppress the scandal which he may cause among others, and also for the tranquillity of my own soul.

That you may enjoy many years of health and honor is the desire of him who humbly kisses your hands.

GONZALO DE LIMA.

On the evening of the fourteenth day after his invasion and escape from the garden of St. Ann's, Francisco was cautiously proceeding toward the quay where lay the vessel, long delayed by contrary winds, in which he had taken passage to Naples, on his way to Rome, when he suddenly felt himself touched at the same moment on both shoulders, and glancing from side to side, at the dark, muffled, noiseless figures which had so stealthily approached and now so firmly held him, he perceived at once that he was within the irresistible grasp of the agents of the Inquisition.

"Senhor Vieira is under arrest," was whispered in his ear by one.

"It is plain," answered the victim, "but for what?" To this query nor to any subsequent one was any answer returned, and in unbroken silence the party walked on until they reached the Santa Casa or Holy House of the Inquisition in the great Praça. Here the prisoner was received by another officer, and the two familiars disappeared. The imperturbable countenance of the man gave Francisco but little hope that he would prove more communicative than the others had been; but he ventured to ask, "If he could inform him of the cause of his arrest?"

"You will know in time," was all the reply that could be extracted from him; and shortly after the officer beckoned to two others, Francisco was blindfolded, and led upstairs through a long corridor; a heavy key was turned, he was firmly but not violently impelled within the room or cell, his guides closing the door after him and withdrawing in the same silent manner which usually marks the operations of this tribunal.

Left to himself, Francisco's first act was, of course, to remove the bandage from his eyes. By the dim twilight yet lingering through the grated window, he perceived that he was in a square room, in which was a small pallet bed, a single chair, and a table on which stood a pitcher of water. The prospect was not pleasant. Francisco had seen many enter the doors of the Santa Casa, some of whom had never emerged from them.

Here was a dilemma for our hero—his bride shut up in a convent begging *him* to deliver her by the speediest means, and he within the grasp of a power which knows no pity and was never known to hasten. Conscious of no crime of which the Holy Office was accustomed to take cognizance—for the affair of the serenade was at most but a municipal misdemeanor—his arrest

was a mystery to himself; and though he feared not investigation—knowing less of the modes than we of a later day know—he was enraged at the delay when days were so precious for him to use, so tedious for Agnes to bear.

It was too dark to see aught through the narrow gratings of his window; but the evening star shed her bright and beautiful light directly into the prisoner's room, cheering him with the promise that at least he was not to be totally excluded from the light of heaven. But like many an impatient victim before him, he was in haste to know the worst.

Why was he arrested? When should he be tried? Who were his accusers? What were the mysterious horrors of the "question" of which he had heard faint whispers? Would his jailer ever speak to him? Must he go to his trial without knowing whom or what he was to meet? These and a thousand other similar queries flitted through his brain as he sat on the low bed, half stunned and bewildered by this terrible turn in his fortunes. His fear would have been increased had he known what we know, that many noble souls had languished out a lifetime within those walls and *never had a trial*.

He could think of nothing for which there seemed to him the slightest probability of his being under suspicion—unless the fact had by some means become known that he was a member of the masonic order, a lodge of which fraternity had maintained a concealed existence for some years in Lisbon, embracing in its roll of members about thirty of the most enlightened and liberal men in the city. The ecclesiastical authorities were everywhere exceedingly jealous of the masons, considering their existence as inimical to the authority of the church, and the Holy Office was accustomed in those days to proceed against them as against sorcerers and heretics. Had Francisco, therefore, believed it were possible that his connection with them could have become known to any of his enemies, he would have been at no loss to account for his present perilous position. He had first heard in Italy of the secret existence of the order there, and from what he had learned of its objects and operations, was led to believe that whatever there was extant of the spirit of progress and liberty had found a refuge in those organizations; and he determined, on attaining sufficient age, to join them, if he could discover the existence of a lodge in his native city. This was no easy matter to ascertain, for the utmost caution had to be observed by the members lest those professedly

seeking "light" only should prove spies and betrayers. But cautiously expressing his wishes to his friend and patron, the Duke of Abrantes, Francisco learned, to his intense delight and surprise, that he was a member of the Lisbon lodge; and on requesting the favor, the Duke consented to propose his name for membership.

In modern times and freer countries, where the order is unmolested by church or state espionage, the discussion of sectarian religion is never tolerated in the meetings of the order. But the masons of an elder date when liable to deadly persecutions either by the state, as in France, or by the church, as in Italy and the Peninsula, found it absolutely necessary to protect their lives and liberty by pledging themselves beyond their usual obligations, to the peculiar defence of each other against the persecutions of the Inquisition, and consequently learnt by the repetition of facts relating to the order, and the necessities of defensive action as a body, to hate, defy and undermine its tyranny. It is in the early lodges of the Peninsula that we are to look for the nursery of those patriot martyrs who prepared the way for the revolution of 1820, which gave so serious a blow to ecclesiastical supremacy. And what those advance guards of progress and freedom dared not say in the street or in the church, or even in social intercourse in their own homes, for fear of the deadly and disguised "familiar," they cherished and inculcated in all the masonic lodges of southern Europe.

Into this congenial atmosphere Francisco had been introduced: but that the fact was known to any living soul beyond the members of the lodge he had no reason for believing. Of the treachery of any one of them he never for a moment believed, and of any other infringement of the decrees of the Holy Office, he knew himself innocent. After conjuring up a thousand phantoms as improbable and unreasonable as they were likely to be under such circumstances, he finally came to the conclusion that either Pombal or Gonzalo were the malicious informers against him; but upon what charge, the longer he thought the less was he able to satisfy himself with conjecture.

He had often seen in the church of the Dominicans in Lisbon (for they may be seen there still) hundreds of small portraits of those who had been burned at *autos-da-fé*. It was the custom to have the likenesses of all such painted—the head merely being drawn, resting on a burning torch; beneath was written the name and place of nativity of the party, with the date of their execution and the statement of their real or

imaginary crime. Francisco had sometimes stopped to examine these heads and had noted the words beneath "*morreo queimado por hereje relapso*"—burned as a relapsed heretic; or, "*hereje contumaz*," a contumacious heretic, or again, "*hereje convicto negativo*," a convicted but unconfessed heretic. These trophies of the Holy Office had never been very agreeable to contemplate,—they were far less so now.

The night wore away in thoughts of these things, ever mingling with the uppermost idea that Agnes might never know of his fate—that she might come to think that he had willfully deserted her—or at the best, that his detention might be so long as to render useless every future effort in her behalf.

In the morning, a person whom he took to be one of those who had conducted him to his cell, appeared, and silently led him into a room a few paces off, but better furnished, and supplied with the means of making a very tolerable toilet. Breakfast was soon after set before him of a quality far superior to what his apartment of the previous night had suggested; but no one word could the servitor be induced to speak, though Francisco purposely laid his purse where this provoking mute might have picked it up if he pleased—he did not dare offer it lest it should be imputed as a crime.

At noon-time, Francisco, hopeless of an answer in regard to what he most wished to know, tried another tack, and asked if he might be allowed pen, ink and paper. As usual, no reply; but within an hour they were brought and placed before him. He was ignorant that this seeming favor was often granted as a means of entrapping a vexed and wearied prisoner into the expression of something offensive to the Holy Office, and out of which a crime might be constituted where none existed before. So he accepted them thankfully. His immediate object was to indite a letter, as thousands of wretched prisoners had done before him, declaring his innocence of all crime, and begging that whatever he was charged with might be speedily investigated. This letter he handed to his jailer, with the request that it might be given to the Inquisitor-General. To this an affirmative nod was graciously vouchsafed.

The unexpected promise that his letter should reach its destination, inspired Francisco with more hope than the event warranted. He anticipated that perhaps in a day or two he should be summoned for examination, and that he might yet be released in time to sail in the vessel in which his passage was engaged. The next day

he made a more careful toilet than usual, thinking that he might be called at any moment. But the day was eventless. He interrogated his jailer again, but could learn only that his letter had been delivered; every morning for a week he prepared himself for a speedy summons, and every night found him more impatient and despondent than ever. He began various other letters, but feared to deliver them lest he should give offence. Another week passed and no change, and still another. Francisco was growing desperate. He had looked at his window again and again to see if that offered any hope of escape, but he could not even ascertain in what part of the Casa he was lodged, for, with a refinement of cruelty, the window was so built into the wall that only an upward view could be obtained, and by the few sounds which reached him, the young prisoner judged that he was at a very dangerous height from the ground, even had it been possible to move the bars. At times he quite despaired of ever escaping from this living death—yet, from the fact that he was treated with a degree of respect, which he at least imagined unusual to prisoners, he, when more calm, angered that there was some favorable influence at work in his behalf.

The Inquisitor-General at this time was Don Juan Carvalho, brother to the Marquis of Pombal, and for this reason Francisco had little hope of finding favor at his hands. But here he was mistaken. The marquis had thwarted him in the matter of the Patriarch, only to preserve peace between the king and the representative of St. Peter; for, had a quarrel arisen between them, he would have been unable to carry out the reforms he had inaugurated in regard to the Inquisition. He had already abolished the custom of the civil courts passing their records in review before the Holy Office, establishing all the courts of the kingdom on an independent basis; he had also procured the right of counsel for prisoners of the Inquisition, and permission for them to be confronted with their accusers, if this was requested—and had finally procured the appointment of his own brother as Grand Inquisitor for the kingdom, in order that his plans of reform might be faithfully carried out. In regard to Francisco's irregular mode of obtaining a bride, it was not a fact to be very sternly regarded by the prime minister, for his own wife had been won by an elopement, when he was as much beneath his bride's family in rank as Vieira was below the De Limas.

Toward the close of the fourth week of his imprisonment, a person whom he had not seen

before entered his cell, and he was again blindfolded, and led what seemed to him a long distance through passages and up and down flights of stairs. At last his guide came to a halt; the bandage was removed, and he found himself in a long, windowless room, hung with black, and lighted by rows of tall wax tapers. Thirty or forty dark-looking figures were ranged on either side, part of whom wore black masks, while the features of others were almost equally screened by deep hoods drawn far over the face. On a raised seat, sat in the place of the Grand Inquisitor, his deputy, and at his right stood Pacheco—he who held the commission for examining and inquiring into the heresies of painters and pictures. These two, except a secretary, were the only persons whose faces Francisco could clearly discern; but he saw in the hands of Pacheco one of his own paintings.

He looked in vain for a friendly face. The darkness, silence and mystery which surrounded him certainly had no tendency to reassure him. For a short space, but which seemed to the accused like hours, a profound silence was maintained, probably for the express purpose of overawing the prisoner. Vieira was brave, yet his breath came thick and his heart beat less regularly, as the seconds slowly passed, and he felt the eyes of that dreadful silent company all fixed upon him. Yet he determined to bear himself courageously, and with an outward calmness which was scarcely a true index of his real inquietude, he patiently awaited the interrogatories of his judges. For some reason, the secret examination and cross-questioning with which prisoners of the Holy Office were usually annoyed, for the purpose of eliciting self-convicting answers, had in his case been omitted.

At length the presiding judge commenced the proceedings by announcing to the prisoner that he had been accused to the Inquisitors of the Faith of painting the crucifixion of the Saviour of the World, the blessed Son of Mary, with but three nails, contrary to the established rule, to the great indignity of that tribunal, and to the scandal of all true believers in the stigmata of St. Francis—whereof the painting now in their presence was held to be true and sufficient proof. As he spoke, a masked figure held up the obnoxious picture to the gaze of the court.

As the deficiency was pointed out, Vieira turned pale. On first seeing his painting in the hands of Pacheco, he had imagined that it was the color of the weeping Virgin's garments—white and blue—which had given offence, for about the propriety of these colors, there had

been mooted in Italy, while he was there, a question which threatened to rise into importance, but of which, since his return, he had heard nothing. But knowing himself innocent of painting the heresy of three nails in a "crucifixion," he stood confounded at the apparently indisputable evidence of his guilt.

At another time, under safer circumstances, he would have recollected his own work too well to have been disconcerted for an instant. But there, surrounded by those whom he had no reason to hope would extenuate an error, or spare the perpetrator of a willful fault, Francisco knew not what to answer, and for some moments was speechless, until aroused from his confusion by the sepulchral voice of the judge, asking "what he had to say, if anything, to mitigate his crime?"

"That I never painted a 'crucifixion' with but three nails."

"Is not this painting, then, the work of your own hands?"

"It is; and yet it is not; there has some change been wrought upon it."

"Do you mean to charge the Holy Office with dealing in magic? Beware, young man, lest you add to your bold heresy the crime of contempt."

"Pardon the crudeness of my words, holy father, but my picture has been in less sacred hands than yours, I am sure," replied Francisco, now fully realizing his danger, and suspecting treachery, which he began to feel might be difficult to unveil. At last he added, "May I entreat that you pass my poor picture into these hands, that I may see more clearly what has befallen it?"

But to this the accuser stoutly objected, declaring that he feared the prisoner was possessed of some unholy power, by which, if he was allowed to touch the picture, he could produce the semblance of a nail where none really existed.

"Nay, Holy Father," rejoined Vieira, addressing the judge, "I have no power to produce appearances which do not exist; but sure am I, that just beside that corner of the robe," and he pointed to the position he wished to indicate, "I painted a fourth nail. Verily, if magic hath been used by any, it has been to destroy my work and the evidence of my soundness on this important point of faith."

"Hear ye, the audacious, lying deceiver!" roared the accuser; "he persists in charging the servants of the church with using demoniacal incantations; it is fit the torture taught him better than thus to abuse your patience and the privilege of self-defence."

"This does, indeed, after our warning, savor of a most irreverent state of mind," said the judge, turning with a severe look to Francisco, "and a state of which it were best for his own soul's safety that he were speedily cured. How hast thou dared to repeat this charge of magic upon our faithful servants?"

"I meant not him who holds the picture, most holy Father, or any servant of yours; but only that the wrong has been done me by some enemy before the picture came into your hands—if, indeed, the nail, that I dare swear I there painted, is gone forever. But I crave your mercy that if I may not touch the painting, you will order water and a sponge to be brought, and allow that some of these holy brethren, who are not of my accusers, wipe the spot I pointed out, and see if some one compassing my injury hath not deceived you. If you find not a nail there, I am ready to suffer any punishment you can inflict."

"Hist! it is but a paltry subterfuge," said the accuser; "the pitiful wretch seeks but to delay the sentence which must punish his impiety. Heed not his idle ravings, most learned judge."

But the deputy of the Grand Inquisitor had no personal prejudices in the matter, and was as fair-minded a man as his office permitted him to be. He felt more desirous of knowing the truth in this matter than of gratifying the officious accuser, who was a person, moreover, upon whom the judge looked as too ambitious, and upon whom he was quite willing to take an opportunity of throwing some mortification.

Steadily regarding for some moments, of most painful suspense to Francisco, the painting, the artist and the accuser, and seeing the honest earnestness of Vieira's face, the judge turned to one of the familiars, ordered a sponge and water to be brought, and himself took it in hand, rubbing briskly over the spot pointed out by the anxious prisoner. A few vigorous applications of the sponged sufficed, and lo! there was perfectly revealed the fourth orthodox nail, which had been artfully concealed by a coat of water color, but on the discovery of which the fortune, liberty, and perhaps life of the accused depended.

A contemptuous smile passed over the grave face of the judge; hope reanimated the bosom of Vieira, while the accuser, pale with shame, rage and fear at the exposure of the trick, of which, indeed, he was not the author, but only accomplice, was still not yet so far subdued as to give up entirely the object of his base employer, and now called attention to the dubious colors of the Virgin's drapery, exclaiming, "you cannot rub out *that*."

But here, too, the judge was prepared with a defence which neither party looked for: he drew from beneath his robe a letter which he had received but a few hours before from the Abbess of the Convent of the Immaculate Conception at Cordova, and which he proceeded deliberately to read to the Court—it ran thus:

Most Reverend Father:

Peace to you in the name of our Immaculate Lady! With spiritual peace cometh all blessings, and the first of these is truth; and, most reverend sire, I cannot doubt but that in common with the religious world, you have been tried with the important question, which has agitated our communities of late, in regard to the colors with which our Blessed Lady should be apparelled in imagery and paintings. Our Superior only a year ago forbade a picture in which blue and white were intermixed to remain in the oratory of our chapel. Some of the Benedictines, nevertheless, contended that they were the most suitable of all colors in which to portray the Queen of Heaven, and so was I minded, but they were again interdicted by the authority of the Council of Saragossa. But now, praised be our Lady, who has condescended to enlighten our blind minds, and to save us from the blasphemy of representing wrongfully her glorious person, in that she has in a wonderful vision made known the lawfulness of the colors which my inward sense approved. It was in this wise:

Our good sister Theresa, who, for the greater mortification of the flesh, has left our holy house and betaken herself to the scanty shelter of a hut on the side of Mount Serena, and to whom the faithful have long resorted for comfort and instruction, hoping also to benefit by her sanctity, was last night favored with a Vision, in which the Mother of God appeared to her in garments of *blue and white*—the colors which have so long been the subject of contention to many and prayerful consideration by others, and thus these cerulean hues are forever consecrated to her use.

And I bethought me that in consideration of our ancient friendship, and the importance that you should know at the earliest moment of this celestial intervention, that I would acquaint you with what had taken place in advance of the official information which you may shortly expect of this wonderful interference in behalf of the peace of the church.

Yours in the bonds of the Most Holy Faith,

INEZ DE GUZMAN.

On this singular kind of evidence, which seemed, however, to produce conviction on the minds of the sacred tribunal, the judge made no comments; he replaced the letter beneath his vesture, and ordered the painting to be given into the custody of the alguazil, or grand sergent. Vieira was now in hopes of a formal acquittal, as the whole examination had served rather to establish his orthodoxy than to shake it; although, as it afterward appeared, the judge

had confiscated the picture to the Holy Office on the ground that the artist had shown unwarrantable presumption in using the doubtful colors, since up to the time of his reception of the letter from the abbess, no one in Lisbon could possibly be certain that they were right in using white and blue for the Virgin's garments.

This much was overheard by the prisoner as the judge and secretary talked about the record to be made, and he now momentarily expected his dismissal. But he was doomed to disappointment. A shrouded figure stepped forward and whispered to the judge. Vieira heard only the reply.

"It is too late for to-day; let the prisoner be remanded."

ROCK AND RILL.

"INTO the sunshine out of shade!"

The rill has heard the call,
And babbling low, an answer made,—
A laugh, 'twixt slip and fall.

Out from her cradle-roof of trees,—
Over the free, rough ground!
The peaceful blue above she sees;
The cheerful green around:

A pleasant world for running streams
To steal unnoticed through,
At play with all the sweet sky-gleams,
And nothing else to do!

A rock has stopped the silent rill,
And taught her how to speak:
He hinders her; she chides him still;
He loves her lisping weak;

And still he will not let her go:
But she may chide and sing,
And o'er him liquid freshness throw
Amid her murmuring.

The harebell sees herself no more
Back from the stream nod gay;
Yet never she such azure wore
Till wept on by the spray.

And many a woodland violet
Stays charmed upon the bank,
Her thoughtful blue eye brimming wet,
The rock and rill to thank.

The rill is blessing in her talk
What half she held a wrong;
The happy trouble of the rock
That makes her life a song.

L. L.

LIFE is composed of few things indefinitely diversified, and is like the ringing of a great many changes on a small number of bells.—*Olulow*.

"GETTING ALONG."

WE trudge on together, my good man and I,
Our steps growing slow as the years hasten by;
Our children are healthy, our neighbors are kind,
And with the world round us we've no fault to find.

'Tis true that he sometimes will choose the worst way
For sore feet to walk in, a weary, hot day;
But then my wise husband can scarcely go wrong,
And somehow or other, we're getting along.

There are soft summer shadows beneath our home-trees:
How handsome he looks, sitting there at his ease!
We watch the flocks coming when sunset grows dim,
His thoughts on the cattle, and mine upon him.

The blackbirds and thrushes come chattering near;
I love the thieves' music, but listen with fear:
He shoots the gay rogues, I would pay for their song;
We're different, sure; still, we're getting along.

He seems not to know what I eat, drink, or wear;
He's trim and he's hearty, so why should I care?
No harsh word from him my poor heart ever shocks;
I wouldn't mind scolding—so seldom he talks.

Ah well! 'tis too much that we women expect!
He only has promised to love and protect.
See—I lean on my husband, so silent and strong:
I'm sure there's no trouble; we're getting along.

Life isn't so bright as it was long ago,
When he visited me amid tempest and snow,
When he brought me a ribbon or jewel to wear,
And sometimes a rosebud to twist in my hair.

But when we are girls, we can all laugh and sing;
Of course, growing old, life's a different thing.
My good man and I have forgot our May-song;
Yet somehow or other, we're getting along.

'Tis true I was rich—I had treasures and land.
But all that he asked was my heart and my hand.
Though people do say it—'tis what they can't prove;
"He married for money; she, poor thing! for love."

My fortune is his, and he saves me its care;
To make his home cheerful's enough for my share.
He seems always happy our broad fields among,
And so we are quietly getting along.

With stocks to look after, investments to find,
It's not very strange that I'm seldom in mind.
He can't stop to see how my time's dragging on;
And yet he would miss me if I should be gone.

Should he be called first, I must follow him fast,
For all that's worth living for then will be past.
But I'll not think of losing him; fretting is wrong,
While we are so pleasantly getting along.

L. L.